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THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

IF the mass of mankind were to be asked what they meant by a *Hero*, they would say that it was the man who by a combination of ambition, courage, and determined self-reliance had gained a triumphant supremacy over his fellow men. They would probably point to some such examples as Alexander the Great, in council, or on the battle field; or Cæsar on the banks of the Rubicon, or Napoleon leading his troops over the bridge of Arcola, or heading the desperate expedition from Elba to Paris. For the "Hero as a man of letters" like Dante, or Burns—or for such martyrs of science as Gallileo, Kepler, or Pascal, they would have but little sympathy or esteem. But for the heroism of Christian faith—for such heroism as that of the stout-hearted Pilgrim, who, in the deep valley of the Shadow of Death, surrounded with darkness and quagmires and overhung by the 'discouraging clouds of confusion' cries out, "For all this, I do not see but that my way lies through this valley," we fear they have even less appreciation and regard. We are persuaded, therefore, that we can render no better service to those whose studies daily familiarize them with heroism of a civil and military kind, than to hold up before them a true hero—the HERO OF THE CROSS. The man we have selected is doubtless familiar to many, but those who know him best will love to hear of him again, and there is no one who cannot profit by studying the life and character of one so gifted with genius, so learned, so accomplished, so eminent for piety and philanthropy as HENRY MARTYN.

"Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of

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England," says an English writer, "her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys, and Elliots, and Brainards of other times either quitted, or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn, the learned and the holy, translating the scriptures in his solitary tent at Dinapore, or preaching to a congregation of 500 beggars, or refuting the Mohanmedan doctors at Shiraz, forms the one bright exception."

The father of Henry Martyn was a poor miner in the mountains of Cornwall. By a proper economy of all the leisure hours which his arduous life afforded, he acquired a sufficient knowledge of arithmetic to fit him for the counting room, and he was admitted as chief clerk in the establishment of a merchant of Truro. With his enlarged means he determined to afford his family the advantages of education. Among his children there was one pale slender boy, who was remarkable for the natural softness of his spirit, for the warmth of his feelings, and for his ardent thirst for literary acquirements. This diffident boy, whom the neighbours all pronounced to be a "lad of promising abilities," his father determined to prepare for the University.

At the school of Truro, young Martyn was proverbial among his companions for his amiable and inoffensive spirit though he gave no evidence of the slightest religious impression. At the age of seventeen he entered the University of Cambridge where he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Mathematics. His studies occupied the most of his time, but he had a pious and faithful friend who at every opportunity pressed the subject of religion upon his conscience. He had also a praying father at home, and a favourite sister, a girl "of a meek and quiet spirit" who was earnest in her labours for his soul's salvation—but he says himself that "the sound of the gospel conveyed even in the admonition of a sister was grating to his ears." The death of his father seems to have awakened the first serious thoughts in his mind, and the faithful preaching and prayers of *Charles Simeon* then a professor in the University were blessed to his conversion.

The great drawback to the growth of grace in his heart while he continued in the University, was found in his ambitious desire to gain the highest honours of the institution. Under the intense excitement of this entire devotion to his studies the flame of piety grew dim, and the spark of grace seemed to become well nigh extinct. When the time for awarding the honours arrived, his solicitude became painful, and as he entered the Senate House in the presence of 3000 fellow students he sought to compose his mind by the reflection, "Seekest thou great things for thyself—seek them not." The honours of this ancient institution had been won by many of the most illustrious of his countrymen—his competitors were many and able—he was but a lad of nineteen, but at the close of the examination he was awarded the highest academical honour. "I had obtained my highest wishes," he remarked long afterwards, "and was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." He had drank only of the unsatisfying waters which come from the *well* of this life, and whosoever drinketh of them *must* thirst again.

After his graduation from Cambridge he passed some time in quiet retirement—in the study of the scriptures, in secret prayer, and in earnest communion with his own heart. It would be pleasant did our limits allow, to follow the experience of this growing saint—his oft-repeated and painful searchings of heart, his conflicts with a spirit naturally too impetuous, and with an ambition naturally too ardent—to review his diary which appears to have been singularly candid and truthful, and his affectionate correspondence with the favourite sister whom he had left among the mountains of Cornwall, and with his venerable friend *Simeon*. So strong was the friendship which this excellent man conceived for him, that he selected him for his curate as soon as he was admitted to orders. For some time Martyn preached in Trinity Church and his preaching soon became highly popular. Admiring crowds gathered to hear him. The tender earnestness of his manner, the sweetness of his voice, and the fervent spirit of piety which burned through all his discourses, seem to have excited some of that interest which those who were permitted to hear the lamented *Summerfield*, love to remember and talk of to this day.

His attention appears to have been first directed to the Missionary work, by hearing from Mr. Simeon an account of the labours of *Carey* in India, and the perusal of the life of *David Brainerd*, a kindred spirit to himself, confirmed him in the desire to go and bear the cross into heathen lands. Let him that would estimate the "sweet influences" of Brainerd's holy life, place this among its most gracious fruits, that it awakened the missionary spirit in the breast of Henry Martyn.

His determination, as soon as it was known to his friends, excited strong opposition. Men of hardier frame and of humbler powers, might perhaps submit to the toils, the mortifications, and the obscurity of a missionary life; but that one so young, so sensitive, so delicate, so well fitted to grace the highest walks of polished life, one whose name had already been inscribed in letters of gold on the walls of the Senate House of Cambridge, that he should condemn himself to the jungles of India or the mountains of Syria, was a sacrifice too great to be undergone. But "all these things moved" not him.

"He heard a voice they could not hear,
Which said no longer stay;
He saw a hand they could not see,
That beckoned him away."

To one who was possessed of such warm affections, the trial of parting with friends and kindred was almost too bitter to be borne. He knelt by the side of his favourite sister and commended her to God, and then bade her farewell with the painful certainty that she would see his face no more. After leaving her, he went up to London, and spent some time in delightful Christian intercourse with Cecil, Newton, Thornton, and Wilberforce. But there was one more parting to be endured, the bitterest of all; and he hasted down into Cornwall to take a last farewell of one upon whom all the affections of his warm heart had been poured out. He never saw her again.

The vessel that was to convey him to India was lying at Falmouth, and when he arrived there and beheld it for the first time, his heart well nigh failed him. The day was dark and gloomy; he had not a solitary friend on the shore to bid him adieu, or to sustain his sinking spirits. A favourable wind sprung up—he was summoned on board—

and as the vessel shook out her reefs to the breeze, and dropped down the channel, he sat upon the deck with a glass in his hand, and watched the green hills sinking behind the horizon with an aching heart. "I felt," he says, "like a man who should suddenly be told that every friend he had in the world was dead. Oh! my dear friends in England, when we spoke with exultation of the mission to the heathen, what an imperfect idea did we form of the sufferings by which it must be accomplished!"

Soon after they had left port, a tremendous storm arose—the first that he had ever witnessed. While the passengers were running to and fro with terror, Martyn poured out his soul in prayer that the terrors of that dreadful night might be a saving benefit to their souls. When the storm passed away, a fair breeze sprung up and bore them off to the southward. After many days the vessel touched at St. Salvador, where Martyn went on shore, and visited a convent of Portuguese monks, and refreshed his spirits by walking in the cool of the evening through the delightful groves of oranges and bananas. At the Cape of Good Hope they stopped long enough for him to see the celebrated Vanderkemp, whose missionary writings he so much admired, and another devoted young missionary whom Martyn fancied to resemble his favourite Brainerd. Before he took leave of Vanderkemp, he asked him if "he had ever repented of his undertaking?" "No!" said the old man with a sweet smile, "I would not exchange my work for a kingdom!" From the Cape the trade winds bore them rapidly across the Indian Ocean; and one morning they were admonished by the warm and fragrant breezes that filled their sails, that they were passing the Island of Ceylon; a few days after, the captain informed them that they were within a day's sail of India. This day Martyn passed in devout fasting and prayer, in view of the great work on which he was about to enter. The first sight of the land filled him not so much with joy for the termination of their voyage, as with sorrow at beholding a great country so entirely under the dominion of the Prince of Darkness. This thought filled his mind when he landed. "I felt," he says, "a solemn sort of melancholy at the sight of such multitudes of idolaters. I almost fancy that the frown of God is visible upon the whole land."

From Madras, Martyn sailed immediately to Calcutta, and arrived in the mouth of the Hoogley just as Dr. Buchanan was passing out on his way to Syria. His Christian brethren were waiting to greet him at Calcutta, and began at once their warm entreaties for him to remain and labour among them. So evidently was he fitted for this high and responsible place, that the temptation was strong for him to remain. But it was not for this that he had prayed and fasted among the cloisters of Cambridge; it was not for this that he had mortified his ambition, and sundered all the ties that bound him to his native land, and "to be prevented from going among the heathen," he remarked himself, "would almost have broken my heart."

His friends finding it impossible to detain him from the field of his chosen labour, followed him with sorrowing eyes to the boat that lay waiting to convey him up the Ganges. During this voyage he passed his time in reading and prayer, in conversing with the Brahmins whom they met on the shore, and in preaching under the palm trees when they lay to for the evening.

He arrived at Dinapore on the 26th of November, 1806, and entered at once upon his labours. Those who would know what those labours were, which this young man in his feeble and delicate health underwent must read his diary for themselves. Let him who would behold one of the grandest displays of Christian Heroism which our age has witnessed, read the History of Henry Martyn during the four years he passed in India. Labouring from morning till night among men who had no sympathies with a soul like his—pursuing the difficult studies of a foreign tongue when he could scarcely raise his feverish head from his couch, under a climate so excessive that he often fainted in the midst of his labour, and during this time too doomed to hear of the death of his favourite sister and of the estrangement of her whom he had ardently loved—he might well say "where is sorrow like unto my sorrow"? It is no wonder that when his pallid face and feeble frame were seen again in the streets of Calcutta, his friends were slow to believe that it was the same man whom they had followed down to the river's side four years before. *Thomason* in writing from Calcutta to the venerable *Simeon* says, "Martyn arrived here on Satur-

day last on his way to Arabia where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides he takes in every thing. He has some great plan in his mind—too great for his short life and his enfeebled frame. In all respects he is the same man that he was—he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much, though in a low voice, *he sinks*, and you are reminded he is but dust and ashes.” After some weeks passed among his kind Calcutta friends, Martyn set off for Persia, and arrived at Shiraz in the middle of the summer. At this celebrated seat of Persian literature, he undertook the translation of the New Testament into Persian, which he finished after much wearisome labour in the course of one year. His feeble health was now completely prostrated, and he determined to turn his face once more towards his native land. Constantinople was 1300 miles distant; and he set out thither on horseback with a guide, an interpreter and two bodyguards for the journey. The narrative of this journey is the most affecting narrative in his life. Of that painful journey performed alone, and unbefriended, with a guide singularly hard-hearted and cruel, riding all day under a burning sun, and sleeping at night in stables or under the open sky! no one can read of that journey without tears. On the 6th of October he arrived at Tocat. He felt that his life was well nigh spent. Towards evening he went out, and sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some spreading trees at the foot of the Caramanian mountains. “I sat in the orchard,” he says, “and thought with sweet comfort and fear of God—in solitude my company, my friend and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? when shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and love”? Only ten days after, these holy aspirations were fulfilled; and to his disembodied spirit was revealed that awful vision which it is given to the pure in heart, and to them alone to contemplate.

That little brotherhood of Christian men who were wont to assemble in old Bedford Chapel, to listen to the preaching of the sainted Cecil, and to pray together around the fire-side of Henry Thornton on Clapham Green, have all

gone to their rest. *Cecil* himself is long since gathered to his fathers. *Wm. Wilberforce* lies by the side of his friend Pitt beneath the pavement of Westminster Abbey; and hard by stands a marble statue in which the hand of the sculptor has cunningly portrayed the same sweet and placid expression which his friends love to remember, and before which the friends of philanthropy love to linger. *John Newton*—"the good Mr. Newton," as Wilberforce called him, sleeps among his flock in the parish churchyard of St. Mary's. But the youngest and loveliest of that brotherhood lies two thousand miles away, under a spreading palm-tree beside the walls of Tocot—where, now and then, after many and long intervals, an occasional Christian pilgrim stops, and reads through many tears, on a plain white stone—the name of HENRY MARTYN.

T. L. C.

THE DEPARTED.

"The departed—the departed—they visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories, like shadows over streams,
But when the cheerful lights of home, in tranquil lustre burn,
The departed—the departed—shall never more return."

P. BENJAMIN.

We miss her—when the morning light
In beauty breaks o'er land and sea;
Bright'ning the dusky brow of night,
And gath'ring dew-drops from the lea;
When every flower unfolds its bloom,
And every bird pours forth his strain,
We miss that cherished one—for whom,
They glow and warble now in vain.

We miss her—when, with rosy blush,
The summer eve is sinking fair,
When bright streams from their fountains gush,
And wild, sweet warblings fill the air;
A voice is mute—an eye is dim,
That joined the song—that watched the glow,
And mournful is our evening hymn—
We miss her—whither did she go?

We miss her—in the garden bowers,
When broken stalk, and faded bloom,
Tell that the hand which trained the flowers,
Is cold and nerveless in the tomb!
Sadly the Autumn breezes sigh
Along the leaf-strown walks—and low
They whisper—as they wander by,
'She left us—*whither did she go?*'

They tell us of a far-off land,
A changeless clime, of cloudless skies,
Whose dwellers are an angel band,
Whose strains, celestial melodies.
And flowers, that we have loved below,
Transplanted to that peaceful shore,
In bright, immortal beauty grow
And never fade or wither more.

A shadow o'er our hearts is thrown,
A dimness on our pathway lies,
Our daily walks are sad and lone,
Since she hath left us for the skies:
But Faith, with eagle eye, can trace
Through gath'ring clouds, and shad'wing gloom,
And Hope mounts upward, to the place
Where we shall meet, beyond the tomb.

VIOLA.

THE CAMP MEETING.

WHILE in the State of Ohio in the year '37 or '8, I was desirous of attending a Camp Meeting that was to be held near the bank of the Ohio, in the early part of that loveliest of all months, September. Accordingly, Saturday night found me with some merry young fellows of my own age, safely landed within half a mile of the "camp-ground," partaking of the pleasant cheer of my red-faced host of the tavern in the village that smiles so bewitchingly on the glancing waters of the lovely river.

Passing over the adventures of the morning of the Sabbath, I beg leave to conduct my reader to attend the afternoon service. The day was all befitting such an occasion. All the rich grandeur of an Ohio's September

day, mingled with a holy calm, as though the hours seemed conscious of being hallowed to the Maker of all these glories that surrounded us, was spread over the scene. To the east, towered up bold hills, covered with their early autumn drapery, close to their feet rolled the beautiful Ohio, peacefully sparkling and glancing in the sunlight. On the west the high hills swelling away in their gorgeous splendour of covering and hue towards the far west. Upward and downward lay the valley of the Ohio, waving with cornfields, and dotted with handsome farm houses—but winding so among the hills as not to be traceable for more than a few miles either way.

We were directed to a road that lay through a field, on what is called the "second bottom" (a continuation of the bottom land, separated from the first by a bank of varying height, in this case of about fifty feet,) and following this we soon entered a young forest of walnut, sugar maple, and ash trees, all apparently of the same age, and running an even race for the altitude of the oak of a century. They looked so fresh and so young, and so lovely in their rapid growth and graceful outbranching, that we were stopping every moment to admire their beauty. At the height of some forty feet their branches spread out as if to embrace each other in gladness, and so thickly as to shut out the direct heat and glare of the sun, and yet not so much as that the least gloom was imparted to the scene, but that cheerful, chastened splendour that touches with an indescribable, etherealized joy and solemnity every form and thing on which it falls. In the midst of these was an undergrowth of paupau bushes, grown some five or six feet high, and spreading like a great awning, all around the graceful stems of the young trees; and beneath all, a carpet of beautiful thick grass.

In the heart of this sylvan paradise was the campground. The bushes were all removed from a square of two or three hundred yards either way, which was surrounded with tents of various sizes, materials and figures.

At the farther side was erected the pulpit, a rude platform of boards and logs, covered with "clap-boards" and high enough to raise the speaker above the heads of the people, when seated on their seats of boards, extending from log to log, and disposed so as to form aisles towards the pulpit.

This whole square was filled with a cheerful, but serious looking assembly of all ages and sexes, seated as many as could obtain seats, the others standing in the aisles and around between the seats and the tent doors; the older people who had tents, comfortably seated on chairs at their tent doors, while the younger members of the family mingled, hat and bonnet on, in the congregation.

No one could mistake what that assembly were there for. The soul subduing solemnity and holy joy of the scene had settled on every countenance, and sunk into every heart in that vast assembly. Several ministers were seated in the pulpit, from amongst whom at the appointed hour, arose one to commence the worship of the great Maker by reading a hymn. I shall never forget the looks of that old man. His person was finely formed, rather above medium size, slightly stooped, and manifesting the enfeebling effects of age. He was dressed in the plainest Quaker style. (He had but lately left that people, having been a preacher among them many years.) This gave an air of simplicity, and added a charm to his whole person. His head was exquisitely moulded, and covered with silvery white hair—very straight and fine, and his face, though pale, was even at his great age, supremely handsome, carved with the most delicate and finished grace.

He came slowly forward to the board in front of the pulpit that was extended between two young trees, on which lay the Bible and hymn book. He took up the book, and looked calmly and modestly over the assembly, spreading so far around him, and hushed into breathless silence. I have said his face was beautiful, but how shall I characterize those eyes! They were of a very dark hazel, almost black. The clear light of intellect that blazed in them with a steady flame, was mingled with, and softened by an expression of the greatest meekness and the most melting tenderness. I have seen many eyes, but never have I seen such as they were. If you can conceive of the flaming eye of the eagle, the meek, timid, gentle eye of the dove, and the liquid tenderness of the eye of the gazelle, all blended into one, you may fancy something of the power of that old man's eye, as he looked slowly over that assembly. Its clear, calm brightness was

visible to the farthest auditor, and seemed to draw all alike near to him ; and when his clear, sweet voice broke upon their ear in reading a hymn, the effect was solemn and sweet as the tones of distant music floating on the air of a moonlight summer evening. The hymn was sung by the congregation to an old air, as old as the days of Luther, and as the rich, simple tones swelled upward, and died away to softness, again broke on the ear in the fullness of harmony and strength, and then died away in many a sweet lingering echo among those mute trees, it was easy to fancy the spirits of peace bending from their happy home in the sky, and hovering over that hallowed place to catch and prolong those enchanting tones of devotion and praise, till they were wafted upward to the great throne.

After the prayer and a second hymn the old man arose, and opening the sacred book announced as his text that declaration of our Lord, " And they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and with Isaac, and with Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, and the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." He began in the slow-measured sentences, and somewhat of the peculiar intonation of Quaker preachers. His voice was not powerful, but it seemed to reach, like the glance of his eye, to the most distant auditor, to be heard alike distinctly by every one of those gathered thousands. Every syllable was heard. There was a slight tremor in his voice, which might have been mistaken for that of age, but for its sustained power.

As he warmed with his subject, his enunciation became more rapid, but never hurried, and he soon lost all the Quaker intonation, and his rich sweet voice broke over the assembly in strains of richest music and loftiest eloquence. As he went on describing the progress of the gospel, his soul seemed fired with enthusiasm, and his eye kindled with emotion and joy. And when he came to describe the savage and the oppressed, the Hindoo and the Hottentot, the Indian and the Islander, coming and taking their seats in that blessed kingdom, and related instances of such incomings from among the heathen, his emotions became too strong for himself, and raising his handkerchief to his

face he burst into a flood of joyful tears. There was hardly a dry eye in all the congregation. But there was no noise, no weeping, nothing to distract attention or break the charm. He soon recovered composure and went on.

When he came to the casting out of "the children of the kingdom"—the Jews—and saw them scattered and peeled, a hissing and a byeword, a stranger in every land, and most in their own, and a reproach among all people, and dwelt upon their wrongs and wretchedness, his manner became more and more agitated, and his voice more and more tremulous, until he was again forced to give vent to his overpowering emotions in a gush of sorrow and tears. The ministers behind him all covered their faces and wept, and the whole assembly was melted into tears.

He gradually recovered composure enough to proceed, and was going on in his application, warning against the abusing of privileges as the children of the kingdom had done. When he came to speak of the high privileges they enjoyed whom he was addressing, he again kindled up, and casting his eye, and directing his hand towards an old Indian mound, rising from the level plain some forty feet, covered with trees larger than any around it, standing a little way to his right, the outline of which was dimly visible, through the trees and green leaves, to the whole assembly as their eyes followed his—"Compare," says he, "what you are now engaged in on this quiet, lovely Sabbath evening, with what those were who once surrounded yonder mound, while it may be, instead of the joyful song of praise, the shriek of the human victim ascended to heaven." I have heard eloquence, and felt its power, but never have I witnessed or felt such an effect as that. Every thing conspired to render it overpowering. The thought that we were treading the very ground, and the very spot once trod by that mysterious people, the authors of those many relics that abound in the valley of the Ohio, and whose very name has faded from the records of time, all the myriad thoughts suggested by that mysterious mound, and awful stillness and strange beauty of the scene, that rushed at once upon the imagination of every one there, seemed to stop every pulse, and suspend every breath in that crowded assembly.

During the whole of that two hours' sermon there was not a movement in all that assembly : none felt too far off, none too near. Every tone and syllable of that old man's voice came to every ear, and every heart, as though it was meant for that one alone. There was not a wrong chord touched, not a jarring note elicited, by that gentle master hand ; not a word said that one could wish unsaid, not a feeling of apprehension in regard to what was coming. There was nothing of the electric effect of eloquence, nothing of the startling sublimity that makes the head dizzy by its rapid ascent, and apprehensive of a speedy fall. It was unlike any I ever heard before or since. The people seemed to give him up their hearts at first, and he used them with a tender hand, charming them to sadness and to joy. They felt, as they were borne along by his eloquence, all the safety of the inhabitants of the earth, as it careers in all its sweeping velocity through heaven's main, and yet so peacefully that the dew drop is not shaken from the tenderest flower.

I was young and thoughtless, and cared nothing for preaching, and it is now more than six long years ago, and yet that scene in all its vitality is before me ; and I never can think of that occasion and that "old man eloquent," without a thrill that courses the blood in quickened and suspended currents through my veins ; and while I live, that clear eye, that voice of richness and tenderness, and that Indian Mound will live in my deepest heart.

"GOD IS IN HISTORY."

In the Bible God speaks through the mouths of holy men. In History he speaks through the mouths of all men—a revelation written upon the Book of Time and issuing from the bosom of humanity. Hence the enigmas of History are like the enigmas of Prophecy. Both contain truths in an uninterpretable state, and for the solution of both Time only is the gradual revealer. Just as God's ordinary Providence is a paradox which shall alone vindicate itself, so is History but glorious Prophecy which

shall fulfil itself. The historian is no more an interpreter of human events, in all their scope and aptitude, than the prophet, as they are dimly foreshadowed in his inspired utterances. The partial glance of the one plays about the surface of historical truth—terminates upon historical facts as they stand in their proximate relations, without penetrating the mazy, disordered exterior to that clear, deep-hidden current of the Divine purpose, which shall at last bear all the anomalies of History to a full and infallible adjustment. The inspired eye of the other glances forward into some far, unattained period, where human causes have their clear issue and perfect development, but leaves none of the intermediate series of accessory events, to bridge over the awful gulf between. The great Book of the Future and the Past is before us. We ponder the leaves of the Past, and there is much which we can understand; but we find there also dark riddles and paradoxes, the solution of which, we conjecture, lies within the leaves that have not yet been opened. Here a little and there a little, inspired prophets have glanced into those sealed pages, but we await a clear unshadowed development whilst the angel of the Book slowly turns them over and the Future becomes the Past.

The ordinary uses of History rob it of its dignity and sacredness. The mass who live and move but amid the realities of the present, busy themselves neither with the origins nor tendencies of things. They receive the sublime truths deduced from it, in the form of social and political maxims, just as they appropriate many of the resources of Nature, without understanding their aptitude and beauty. Those states of transition through which humanity has passed into higher conditions of intellectual being they regard but as the worthless chrysalis, from which the beautiful insect has struggled into new life and freedom. As they look upon the ordinary phenomena of Nature with indifference, but contemplate with awe the majesty of God in the tempest; so they can recognize no superior agency in the ordinary progress of human events, but stand aghast at one of those moral tempests which seem to have swept through the nations, guided by no human power, uprooting ancient systems and prostrating the growth of centuries. But the true student of History, whose insight

reaches farther into the life and fitness of things, needs no such palpable proofs either of the truth, that God is in Nature, or in History. He reads it alike in the common appearances of the one and in the ordinary developments of the other. He strives not so much to discover how the truths of History may be made conducive to the purposes of mere human utility, as what relation and correspondence they sustain in the magnificent system of God's Providence. He seeks it in those great truths, revealed in transient glimpses from the past, all foreshadowing an ultimate triumph of Truth hidden in the far after time. He seeks it in that comprehensive view of humanity under all its phases and in all the periods of its progress—that blending of the past with the present and linking the future with the past, in which the highest philosophy of History consists—which makes of History a philosophy above every other philosophy; that is alone revealed to the Infinite; whose elements are not shaped into gross combinations of matter, but the etherial forms of immutable truth—whose range is not space and the material things it contains, but time and the great gulfs of past and future eternity in which it is swallowed up. It has not indeed, at this period of its partial development, the beauty and order of physical science. We cannot apply to it the usual tests of a physical theory. Of both the ability to predict may be considered the test. The former only fails in the extent of the applicability of this test, and is none the less august in its developments, or reliable in its distinctive features. There are no experimental methods to which we can subject the truths of historical record, and thence deduce a condensed theoretical system, which shall serve as a source of infallible predictions—no moral calculus to arrange for us the order and periods of human events with the accuracy of exact science. And yet the same power which transforms the face of nature changes the aspect of nations—the same wisdom, which decrees the delicate phenomena of the imponderable agents, lives unchanged in the minutest operations of moral cause and effect.

Because History seems irreducible to a system, we cannot believe it has no philosophy, or that that philosophy has not its source in God. It is but one phase of that inscrutable mystery which always abashes us whenever

we attempt to glance into the infinitude of God's providence. That there are anomalies in it, which await their reconciliation in its gradual unfolding, is only a postulate which comports with the grandeur of the Divine system, and due to a just conception of the dignity and destiny of our race. That would be a meagre estimate of both, which would confine the relations of any specific epoch to its immediate precursors or successors. Unless we yield to the monstrous hypothesis that History is, as it seems, a maze without plan, an endless succession of conflicting causes without an issue, it cannot be asserted of any historical fact, that it is without its appropriate effect even upon the final aspect of humanity. The spirit of a single good act neither slumbers nor dies with the impulse which gave it birth. Though human wisdom with its partial eye may fail to detect it, or may seek to cast it down from its supremacy, it shall yet spring up again, in its own place, amid the splendid developments of the future. As in the wonderful constitution of the material universe the minutest portion may impart an unseen impulse to adjacent bodies, which shall be propagated indefinitely; so in the universe of mind, we may imagine, mingled with the continuous flow of human causes and effects, the influence of the slightest events to glide on from age to age and the combined effect of them all retained and brought out in that mighty confluence of splendid achievements—that gathering of great and stirring events “in the fullness of time”—like the rushing in of the mighty waters—which seems to form of one epoch the reservoir for the accumulated glory of all its precursors—one age, the result and issue of all other ages.

Now, indeed, we move only amid the shadows of truth. We look upon things in the masses—before they have chrysalized into beauty and order. History is a maze, full of stupendous anomalies, which the philosopher seeks in vain to reconcile. His eye rests only upon the perished glory of mighty empires—upon huge systems heaved up in the extravagance of diseased and monstrous strength, in whose gigantic shadow the nations have slumbered for ages—splendid mythologies that have seemed like the dreams of the youth and infancy of the race—the

Persian's dark-eyed paradise—the Grecian's elysium gladdened with the smiles of departed heroes—the sublime vision of the hoary elders in the Apocalypse—the chalice of hemlock—the Cross. As he walks along through the stillness and twilight of the past, amid these splendid prodigies of the olden time, he feels that there is a significance in them which is hidden from him; that they are blended in some mysterious way with his own thoughts and feelings; that they are part of the present, and linked indissolubly to the future. And he stands mute,—like the awe-struck traveller in the field of the Colossi, amid groups of tranquil Sphinxes sitting stern and silent as if able but unwilling to give up their secrets. The eye of the philanthropist rests only upon a stage, whereon truth and error have ever contended in a doubtful conflict—upon struggles between the ruler and the people—upon martyrdoms of the best and bravest spirits—upon long and gloomy periods, when a darkness seemed to pass over the earth like the shadow of the Apocalyptic angel, coming to seal the final catastrophe of man. Humanity shrinks from its own image as mirrored in the depths of the past. A firm faith in one immutable, all-encompassing purpose, one full and final adjustment which shall at last display apparent and transient evil resulting in universal and permanent good, is all that is left us. As we glance back over the chaos which human history presents, we may be assured that the spirit of God moves upon the face of the deep—light is gradually revealed from the bosom of darkness, order out of confusion—“Error sinks into the abyss of forgetfulness, and Truth alone swims over the vast extent of ages.” Even now at this period of partial development, we have glorious earnestness of the final victory of truth and right, which is to be the grand issue of History. We have them in that high eminence to which the human intellect has steadily advanced, over the rubbish of out-grown errors, through a long series of august achievements—the successive products of centuries. We have them in warm and living, social truths, which have come to us pure and bright from the ordeal of ages—the issue of the errors of a thousand decayed systems; and we have them in the faint voices which are borne to us out of the living past, forever murmuring up from the deep heart of humanity.

Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever onward and rest not in the present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

We stand in the clefts of the mountain heights—the
twilight is breaking around us—and the far summit is
before us, tipt with the glory of the day-spring beyond.

SONNET.

England! as with Italia so with thee,
Thy subject lands shall cease to own thy sway,
The pomp, and vast dominion of the sea
From thy unsceptered hand shall pass away;
Still thou shalt reign, nor shall the loss of these
Entomb thee with the earth's dead sovereignties;
Not these thine empire, but the human soul,
And *they* thy kings, thy nobles, who control
In that dread realm, where bend no servile knees,
Its hopes and passions, joys and sympathies;
Lords of the reason, monarchs of the will,
None from their golden empery would be free,
Through them, even young Atlantis yields thee still
Spiritual homage, and heart-loyalty.

A REMINISCENCE.

As the announcement of the death of any great author,
goes abroad into the world, sadness and gloom follow in
its train; for we feel that a teacher and friend has left
us, and we cannot but mourn our loss. But when we
are told that one of the poet-band has departed, a deeper
feeling of grief takes possession of us, and we are con-
strained to bow our heads and weep.

As we have communed with him through the medium
of his writings, we have experienced more than mere in-
tellectual enjoyment, for it is the Poet's office to touch the

heart, and awaken there emotions responsive to those which thrill through his own earnest soul. Though he has been to us a stranger, and a dweller in a far-off country, yet as we have sat with the record of his burning thoughts in our hand, we have imagined that a brother was by our side, and have heard his spirit whispering with our own. The world is sadly the loser when the Poet dies, for to him, more perhaps than to any other, is owing what of delicacy of sentiment and purity of feeling still exists among men.

Thoughts such as these passed through my mind, as I stood not long since, with a crowd of others, around an open grave in the South Transept of the Abbey of Westminster. England had lately lost one of her favourite sons of song, and the hour appointed for his burial was at hand. They had chosen a fitting place, that "Poet's Corner," wherein to lay the dust of Thomas Campbell. He sleeps amid the monuments of Shakspeare and Sheridan; of Addison, Goldsmith, Gray and Thompson; of Dryden and Jonson, Spencer and Chaucer, and a host of others, Poets, Philosophers, Historians, who went before him from the world.

Long before the hour appointed for the funeral ceremony, a large assembly from all classes and conditions of society, had collected in and around the Abbey, to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of one, whose name they both honoured and loved. As the mournful procession accompanying the coffin, passed down the nave of the venerable building, the out-stretched necks and eager looks of the gathered multitude, betrayed how great was their anxiety to catch a last glimpse of all that was yet to be seen of the deceased poet.

Among the pall-bearers were some of England's most distinguished lords and gentlemen; some high in rank, as nobles of the land, and others not less conspicuous, as men of letters. These and many more of the friends and relatives of the Poet, arranged themselves around the coffin, as it was placed upon a temporary scaffolding, covered with a pall and canopied with dark waving plumes. These illustrious men honoured themselves as well as the dead, by their presence at his grave. Among the mourners stood also, many of the exiles of Poland, whose love

for him who had been their ardent advocate and friend, had brought them to weep with others over his ashes. The memory of their country's wrongs and woes was still fresh in their minds, and they have not forgotten in what glowing strains Campbell had portrayed their sufferings, their bravery, their struggles, their final defeat. Perhaps too their old wounds had been re-opened by the visit of the Emperor Nicholas, who had but a few days before, been the guest of the sovereign of their adopted country. They might well cling with deeper feelings of affection and gratitude around the remains of their late friend, when they had just seen England, that boasted upholder of human rights and human liberties, that proud land "of universal emancipation," welcoming, with every demonstration of royal honour and favour, the autocrat of Russia, the annihilator of Poland.

When the pall was removed, the coffin which contained the body of the poet, was displayed. It was neatly but not elaborately adorned, and bore upon its lid a silver plate with the simple inscription,

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Author of "The Pleasures of Hope,"

Died June 1st, 1844,

Aged 67.

When the officiating minister, the Canon of Westminster, came to that part of the burial service, which consigns "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," an affecting and appropriate little act was performed by one of the Poles, the Chevalier Wiercinski, who stood among the exile mourners. Taking a handful of earth which he had procured for the purpose, from the grave of Kosciusko, he scattered it over the coffin of him, who had so aptly and touchingly represented Hope departing for a season from the world, at the fall of that Patriot-Hero. This little incident served greatly to increase the interest of the mournful ceremony. There was much of poetry in the feeling of gratitude and national enthusiasm, which suggested that some of the same earth which covered the remains of Poland's warrior, should mingle with that over the coffin of Poland's poet. One had done battle with his sword, for a noble and brave, but unfortunate, people; the pen of the other had never been less ready in their service. Both will be remembered when

Russia's Tyrant and Prussia's King shall have been long forgotten. The last word of the funeral service was read, and the solemn peals of the organ reverberated through the aisles and cloisters of the old abbey. Every other sound was hushed, and the soul of the multitude joined in those deep, solemn tones.—The Poet's requiem was done.

I pressed forward with the throng, and gazed for the last time into the Poet's grave. It contained the mortal part of one, who though he does not deserve nor hold, a place among the first of the followers of the muse, yet had within him, a fountain of pure thought and beautiful sentiment, which not many others possessed.

When I visited the abbey some weeks afterwards, the same statues and monuments were standing around, but the stone had been replaced in the pavement, and nothing remained to show that another Son of Genius had been so lately gathered to his rest.

HOME.

Ask not that the wreath of fame
On thy brow should blossom !
He that wins a lofty name
Wears a weary bosom !
Happier is thy humble lot—
Tho' the world applaud thee not.

Wander not to other lands
Seeking wealth and pleasure,
While thy home in beauty stands
An unvalued treasure ;
Know thine own forsaken hearth
Is the holiest spot of earth.

There are tender hearts and true,
Deep, yet chastened feeling,
Hopes that never cheat the view
Future bliss revealing,
O, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home !

Home hath still and shady bowers—
Hours for calm reflection :

Home hath quiet social hours—
Looks of deep affection—
Parents—all beloved ones there—
Heighten pleasure—lighten care.

Brightest flowers must lose their bloom,
Fairest hopes must perish,
Death may gather for the tomb
All we fondly cherish ;
O then upward lift thine eye,
To their home above the sky.

Every earthly hope forego,
Hope that soon must wither ;
Heed not all that charms below,
In thy journey thither ;
Till thy weary footsteps come
To thy blest eternal home.

CIVILIZATION INCREASES HUMAN HAPPINESS.

WE have read, or dreamed, or been told of a certain Astronomer who said, if he had been consulted when the worlds were created, he would have pointed out a better arrangement of the solar system. This man, we venture to say, was of a proud, presumptuous disposition. A vast number of men in the world are very meddlesome, officious, and impertinent. They cannot endure to see any thing go on without their aid, or any plans laid without their counsel. They transfer their application of this egotistical envy from ordinary affairs to those of greater moment. They are even piqued that the stars rise and set night after night without their command ; that the sun comes up in the east rejoicing, without asking their leave to shine ; that rains descend, and rivers ebb and flow regardless of their will or whim. Now, it is generally from a somewhat corresponding turn of mind, one is ever led to say that civilization, instead of humanizing man, degrades him ; that savage nations enjoy more happiness than civilized. Take one of those unsatisfied fault finders, one of the universal grumblers, one whose eyes are ever shedding

salt rheum over the vices of cultivated society, and set him in the van of the race, let him tower aloft in the fore-front of humanity, enjoying all the pride, and surrounded by all the pomp of his position; let his name be mentioned with applause and his statue be set up amid those which the world has erected to its benefactors, you will then quickly see that he is appeased. With a bland smile of self-complacency spread over his face, he will assure us that all things are well ordered, that the world is travelling with a just pace in the right path toward an attainable goal.

Pope says that heaven was built on pride, and hell on spite. Many men's opinions are taken up and retained from the same inducements. Pride says, the world *would* advance if I held the reins and whip. Spite says, I am not consulted like an oracle, *therefore* I will not grant that you make efficient headway. And yet it is not more certain that the old globe rolls on its axis, and flies forward in space than that the state of human kind is daily softening and ameliorating. There are some divine principles on the earth which never slumber nor sleep, but silently operate on the great moving and living mass of men. Above us a high Providence sits and smiles. There are ever among us those who will pass the intervening clouds, and catch favour and light from that fatherly countenance. These become co-workers with the divine principles sown in the beginning—they are our heroes. Thus God, and the good men whom He hath inspired, unitedly labour to multiply the sources of happiness, scatter blessings, diffuse enjoyment, eradicate barbarism, and hasten the happy reign of truth and goodness. Here is the sure ground of our hope. Looking above us, and then beneath the surface of things, at the mighty causes which strive to civilize and adorn humanity, we condemn the pride and spite which can see nothing grand in the causes, nothing lovely in what they have accomplished.

All this, the objector says, may satisfy you, but to me looks like mere fancy. Give me facts, statistics, documents, arguments. That, we answer, would be too heavy a burden for the weak shoulders of the valetudinarian "Monthly." Its editors would stare if we should produce all the things you want, as one of the royal Georges of England did, who demanded from his ministers the docu-

ments appertaining to a certain subject, to examine them for himself. They sent a cart-full to the palace, and informed his majesty that by hard labour and a good team, he could have the remainder conveyed in three or four days. We have space and inclination to notice only two or three items in the long account. We affirm that Civilization increases human happiness. At this point many stumble in getting a definition of happiness. There are many of them, ready made, furnished at hand by the books. Here is one which Dr. Paley gives in real earnest—"happiness is a certain state of the nervous system in which we feel joy and grief, passions and affections, whether it be the heart, which the term of most languages would lead us to believe, or the diaphragm as Buffon, or the upper orifice of the stomach, as VanHalmont thought, or rather to be a kind of net work lining the whole region of the præcordia as some have imagined!" The stomach and digestive apparatus, it must be confessed, have a great deal to do with the happiness of many men and of all the beasts; but in speaking of the happiness of nations we may safely venture to say that it is independent of the condition of each individual's præcordia, ganglia, or gizzard.

There is a happiness flowing from wisdom, and a so-called happiness flowing from ignorance, which we regard as no happiness at all. Let us not confound these two distinct things. The latter resembles the happiness of a child that sports on the verge of a precipice, ignorant of the awful chasm yawning below, or the happiness of a man who by drugs and benumbing potions has become insensible to pain by death-like stupefaction. The man who anticipates danger may provide means of deliverance, and is happy in the contemplation and practice of those means. Suppose two men attempt to cross a decayed crumbling bridge. Let one be sensible of its dilapidated state, and he will provide ropes to extricate himself should an accident happen. Let the other be unknowing of the dangers which threaten, he will walk along with a heavy and confident step, and when the ruin befalls him it will be far more complete because so unexpected. Ignorance can never be bliss, nor is it ever folly to be wise.

A blind man who attempts to pass through the crowded streets of a city is necessarily ignorant of the risk he runs of being knocked down by a lumbering vehicle or an unskilful pedestrian. But is his ignorance a source of happiness? or rather, would not his highest happiness during the walk be derived from a sight of his danger, in order that he might look out for a way of escape? Let us now return to our definition. Instead of giving in a half-dozen words, as the lexicons do, the signification of the term, we will view it as a complex idea, and will mention a few of the elementary ideas which go to constitute it.

Our beau ideal of a happy man is one whose moral, intellectual, and physical qualities are all perfectly and harmoniously developed; who has an unrepining conscience, a well-balanced character, ample stores of knowledge and a sound mind in a sound body. And the nearer a frail son of Adam approaches this ideal standard, the happier we pronounce him to be. That intellectual cultivation is essential to exalted happiness is experienced by every one who in any degree possesses such cultivation. A Newton and an Australian may see the same number of stars in the sky, yet the glorious array of the heavenly host fills the soul of the former with pleasure, while the latter would be equally happy if the firmament were rolled away. A Linnæus classifies the plants, detects the secret laws of their germination, and learns their distinctive characteristics: an Amazonian is pleased as much with the flowers of the millinery shop, made of wire and cotton and beeswax, as with the genuine formations of the hand of nature. A Boyle is acquainted with the causes of phenomena all around him, a New Hollander never observes the phenomena or stares at them with stupid amazement.

Human happiness also depends upon the value set on human life. We will not speak of the unhappiness felt by one who holds his personal property by an uncertain tenure, but of that experienced by one who may be said to hold on to existence itself with a tremulous grasp. Where human life is regarded as a thing of no worth, social virtues can have no being. Infanticide and assassination will be born of the fatal error, like the deadly reptiles that crawled forth from the drops of Medusa's blood. The aged parent trembling on the edge of the grave will be pushed

into it by a savage son without remorse or dread. The infant whose eyes have just opened on the heavens and earth will be hurried from the existence upon which it has entered, if its sex suits not. A state of society, if society it may be called, in which such horrible depravity exists, will abound in the charming graces of the family circle, in the holy reverence of son for a parent, in the regard of brother for sister, and the sweet return of a sister's affection, only when the plants of the tropics shall bloom at the frozen poles.

Another constituent of happiness is a long life. This swells the aggregate of our enjoyments. It gives us more chances of being happy, and compensates for any unhappiness which may have been suffered in the earlier seasons of life. It follows from the more general view taken above that the life of each individual in civilized society will be prolonged. But under this head of our argument, we would bring forward the increased comforts, not the luxuries, of civilization, the protections and shelters it affords against the rigours of climate, its prescience in many cases of those changes of climate which affect health, and the perfection to which it has carried the healing art. All this is founded on the presumption that length of life is measured by the mere number of days passed in the land of the living. We would rather measure it by the number of thoughts which pass through the mind, the number of commendable enterprises which are attempted or accomplished. Such must have been Lord Bacon's meaning when he said with oracular conciseness, "a man that is young in years may be old in hours." In civilized society a man thinks more and acts more in twenty years, than a score of savages would do in an age. It is because every thing stimulates him. We could also prove our position by figures, but we prefer addressing the mind, not the bodily eye.

There are other elementary ideas comprehended in the word happiness. But our desire was simply to show how the general notion might be analyzed, and its constituents detected. Then by examining the facts and arguments relating to each one of those constituents, this mooted question with callow debaters might be settled.

Of the vices of civilized society much ado is often made.

Suffice it to say that the same vices appear among savages in much more loathsome forms, for they are the vices of human nature. Of the bliss of the Indians many things are said and sung. It is generally of that spurious, ignorant kind which we have attempted to distinguish from genuine, exalted happiness. And it might be remarked in passing, that in all defences of the civilized state, the American Indian is paraded in the fore-ground. This should not be done, for he is an unfair specimen, and less degraded than the average of barbarous nations. Finally, as the preachers say, for we must leave the subject, although scarcely at its threshold, if any man believe that the happiness of savage society exceeds that of the civilized, let him forthwith emigrate to the Otahetians, Esquimaux, or Hottentots.

EDITORS' TABLE, *By the Editors*

Sit up friends, sit up; no ceremony—make yourselves perfectly at home; and we will discuss our bill of fare—a merry dinner is good for digestion.

It was the profound remark of old honest Dogberry that, "To be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but, to write and read comes by nature." And so it would seem. We find undergraduates; even "Potent grave and reverend Seniors," very much disposed to make excursive roving among the golden mists around them; and we, the present Editors, of the Nassau Monthly, though plain matter-of-fact men, and naturally the most sober and dignified of Collegiates, cannot in modesty claim any exemption from the common infirmity. But, in all their wanderings and revellings by day and by night among the magnificent splendors of the land of dreams, they never found themselves the presiding *Major Domos* of some twelve score of market waggons,—more or less—culling vegetables from one, the "substantials" from another, here a dish of fruits and there a saddle of venison, braces of ducks, scores of partridges, and one or two scattering geese; that they might with an infinite deal of pains provide a feast that would tempt the appetite of a Sybarite, "But as the old hermit of Prague that never saw pen or ink

very wittily said to a niece of king Gerbodne, *That that is, is,*" so we being literary characters are literary characters, and therefore the sagacity of our friend Dogberry is very remarkable, *reading and writing come by nature.* In other words, we were *born* to be Editors.

Human nature is our favorite study; and since our exaltation to membership in the Editorial corps, we have discovered a delicate shade which, to us, is invested with peculiar interest. An un-knighted senior is—"so-to-speak"—like a beautiful simple minded girl, all tenderness and sweetness. She would not for the world hurt the feelings of a single human being; one step more and she is a beauty and a belle, and now with a smile, a tear, a wave of the hand, a toss of the head, or with cold disdain she can crush proud hopes with calm indifference. We found the same transformation take place with ourselves, as soon as we became "Messrs. Editors." Crowds of "rejected addresses" lie on our table, which we intend shall make an auto-da-fe as brilliant as the annual sacrifices of the coquette to Nemesis.

We feel a kind of paternal pride in the present number of the Monthly; inasmuch as it is our first-born; and for a certain comeliness of appearance which it has in our eyes, and we hope also in yours. Some of our most gifted contributors have lent their genius to embellish it; and it is not *we* that ask a perusal, the articles themselves claim it as their inherent right. You will find fearless and vivid personal delineations; characteristic master-touches; the leading idea grasped and held up with a strong hand in the clear light, until the features are familiarly your own. Again, you will see a quiet beauty, a picturesque splendour, a boldness, and delicacy which bear no distant resemblance to one of Wirt's happiest efforts. And if you look for it, you may chance to catch a glimpse of a spot over which Claude in his wildest inspiration would have loved to linger. And you will see beauty of another kind, though perhaps not less winning; a "Doric sweetness" of style; the mild intense yearnings of an earnest soul—abstracting with the spirit of philosophy, yet seeing, and loving, in the spirit of poetry. And others; sketches, descriptions, cogitations—beautiful all. Read them. And you will hear the "wild sweet warblings" of birds of song that are strangers in our woods; and we pray you, if any harmony dwells in your souls fail not to listen to them.

One short paragraph to those who wish to write for the Month-

ly. Write. But don't write trash unless you wish it to be used as trash. Put soul into your pieces and they will generally be printed. The Monthly is no sewer through which to discharge filth; but, we claim for it, that it is the case of cedar where your productions will be seen to best advantage. Men who speak as original what they have not written themselves, can seldom be persuaded to publish it as such. One of the gravest old divines we ever knew gave it as his decided opinion that it was quite as sinful to laugh as to sneeze; and we agree with him. The Monthly leads a most exemplary life and does neither. We would ourselves try and make contortions of some kind, but unfortunately we are, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, great eaters of beef, and we believe that does harm to our wit. But try it some of you who eat no beef, and live on verjuice or laughing gas. Come, a satire or a comedy.

The Monthly for four long weary months—like a true photogenic intelligence—has been taking College portraits, true to nature and colored to the life; but this is the last impression which will be struck off before you go home for Christmas fun and frolic. And now receive our parting advice. You are almost through with a painful and distressing examination. You have found the value of x , and possibly the peculiar force of the Greek perfect indicative. You have without doubt, developed with luminous perspicuity the wisdom of old Nestor, and the cowardice, defeat, shame and subsequent "natural" conduct of that gay young man, prince Alexander. You have burnt your fingers forging out the equation of the focal-tangent and the length of the sub-tangent and sub-normal. And it is possible some of you have addled your brains among tropes atoms and stars, metaphors, fluids, *Greek philosophy* and parallaxes. You are wearied. You need repose. Keep still now and let these things have time to settle in your minds, and "turn to shapes." Christmas dinners are dangerous, better not eat them. Bright eyes are bewitching, keep at a distance if possible. But if this be too great a restraint on your humanity, do not visit them oftener than twice a day, and take tea with them in the evening. And be sure you do not become engaged to more than three. They will most likely all slip the noose, but it is vexatious to have more than three at a time.

Beware Freshmen! One smile will obliterate Bourdon, and a bewildering kiss of "link-ed sweetness long drawn out," will most assuredly invert *you*, and create a vacuum in your cerebrum more perfect than that of Torricelli.

But we do not wish to be too strict. We would only suggest to you to "report progress," and consult us immediately if you should fall into any difficulty. And so farewell.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no one so anxious to see the Monthly immediately after it is issued, as its contributors. "Is my piece accepted?" If not, "Is it in the notices to correspondents?" So that the notice becomes not an unimportant part to the reader. After making our choice from the communications, a mass of relics lie before us. Now the cook generally makes hash of the remains of a feast, which he may introduce at another meal, or else throws the whole to the pigs. What shall we do reader?

"The massacre of Clinlock Glen," by Bloody Bones, evinces a temperament decidedly savage. We would seriously advise the author to study music, as

"It has charms," &c.

(and would no doubt split his head) "a cabbage."

"B." seems never to have had the slightest idea of what his subject was. He *only* gives us a slight sketch of the macrocosm *en passant*. You would do well, my friend, to read "Peleg Ponder, who never arrived at a conclusion."

The piece "My Marie," is by some lovelorn chap. When he is not whining like a puppy, he sets up a caterwauling truly frightful. We fear mental derangement if Miss Mary should receive it, mistaking him for a beast of the forest. We like to see a man be a man, although he is in love. We cannot encourage whining: it is an unpleasant characteristic even of the canine species.

We will here insert a verse or two by "Snips," if it will be any gratification to him:

"We were a gallant party
As ever sailed the seas,
Or down our own Stony Brook,
In a tempest or a breeze."

"Our vessel's name I do forget,
Our captain was a sterling man
As ever stered a Princeton sloop;
I think his name was Sam."

* * * * *

"And when we went to bed that night,
Oh what a time had we;
We slept and dreamed and scratched and screamed,
In perfect agony." (Musquitoes.)

* * * * *

"We've ended now our woful voyage,
(We've reaped enough of glory.)
Of which I've sent a hasty sketch
For the Nassau Monthly."

Of all that we have received, "Rinaldo" is undoubtedly the most *recherche*, for we have *searched* it all the last week, without being able to find an idea.

The piece by the pseudo "Freshman," is undoubtedly spurious. Get out, you scamp: there is not a member of the Freshmen class who would not be above writing such a thing.

But what falls with peculiar force upon the retina of our editorial eye, is "The Star," by "Gideon" Αστρολογος, alias, The Star-*en-*moured.

"My lovely stars, how bright ye shine,
Like black dogs' eyes by moonshine."

He would do well to take passage on the tail of the next comet. His genius is of a supernatural order, and not at all adapted to this planet.

"Friendship" is rather stale, and we believe now somewhat obsolete, however much the author may revel in the Platonic ideal of disinterestedness. He had some good ideas, yet his was not *quite* the thing. We would advise him to try again.

"The Ocean," and the piece by "O," have been received, but there was not room in the present number for the insertion of either.

We will now say only a few words to those who intend to be our contributors in the future. The Monthly has been accused of wearing rather a sober face. We are inclined to think it true; not that we in the least dislike sobriety, but because it is not expected that young men will discourse learnedly on grave subjects. We read the productions of a young man rather to discover his ability, to encourage him, and in the expectation of experiencing pleasure in his efforts. Our readers expect at least some amusement in perusing the Monthly. You will do well therefore to choose such subjects as you can manage with ease, and those into which you can sometimes infuse a degree of humor. We will be glad to receive now and then something sprightly; we want nothing low or trashy, nor yet an attempt at visionary philosophy. We now take leave of you until next session, heartily wishing each one may meet some unexpected pleasure, and that nought may occur to shadow with sorrow the brightness of a single eye that now sparkles in expectation. *A dieu au revoir.*